

1911
Feb.



THE TUCSONIAN

Do You Know?

we buy Clothes for
the College Fellow

*Here's the reason why we clothe more of the young fellows
than any store in town.*



If Worthy the College Chap all come
to the garment, we note especially
how he likes his Trimmers in Peg,
the Advertising Cap of His Class and
the various fashions he likes to
wear this year. These are only a
few of the details we watch.

We have in mind the patterns
of the popular winter and dress wear. We select and
choose and purchase the latest and newest, made just
so that you would want them. Not as the manufacturer
would have you to take, because he has ad-
dicted his models, trusting the people will take
them off.

We don't guess. We know your particular wants,
knowing you personally and we have our clothes
made to fit the way you wear them.

Clothes is large and not ungrateful if you have not
seen us.

Albert Steinfeld & Co.
College Tailors

The Popular Priced Clothier to the Young Fellow

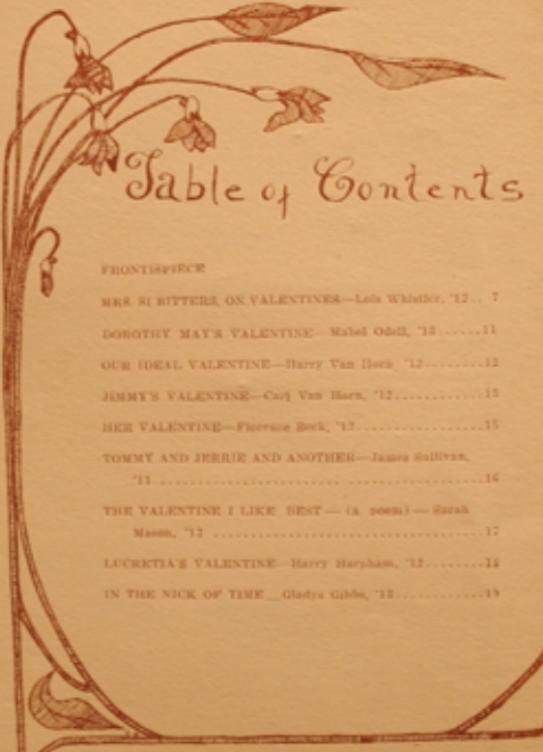


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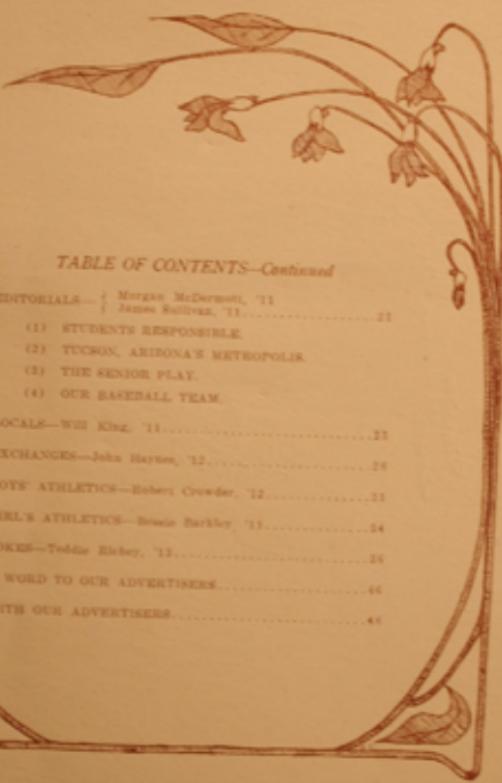


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THE TUCSONIAN

Fifth Year

FEBRUARY, 1911

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MRS. SI BITTERS ON VALENTINES

LOIS WHISLER, '12



ALENTINES? Foolishness I call it. Nothin' but foolishness. And if its my opinion as it wanted, there it be.

So Mrs. Si Bitters replied to her young daughter Eliza's question. The girl had just reached the age when Valentines began to mean more than a thoughtless exchange of pretty pictures. The great desire now was not to see who

would receive the largest number, but whether the Valentine came from a certain person.

The Bitters family lived in a country village. Everybody knew Mrs. Si Bitters. Mrs. Si Bitters knew everybody. It followed as a matter of course that everybody knew Mrs. Si Bitters' opinions on all subjects, with one exception. This exception was on Valentines. In regards to the subject she looked-up-to authority had never been given a suitable chance to voice her views, but she had them, nevertheless, and now when her daughter, in all earnestness, asked whether it was proper to send John M. or Jack D. a Valentine and, what, in truth, were her mother's ideas concerning

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Valentines in general, that lady gave full rein to long pent up opinions of "such things."

"Why, child," said she, "I had my notions as to these sweet and loving messages long afore some o' the people in this here place ever thought o' savin' up enough money to buy a Valentine. I've had Valentines give to me and, sad to confess, I've give 'em to others. It's from these sources I've got my ideas and good reason there is for 'ems. I don't mean for the Valentines, understand me, but for the opinions. There ain't no sense there never was and there never will be, to the soft messages of love that come on lace and paper beds of flowers. Now just to prove my point, I want you to listen to these, Lize."

Mrs. Si threw open the lid of a trunk and took out of a corner of the tray an envelope neatly tied with pink baby-ribbons.

"Those Valentines?"

"They be."

"Looks as though you treasured them," commented Lize.

"Tying them up keeps off dust," was Mrs. Si's short reply as she jerked off the ribbon and pulled from the envelope a wonderful creation of paper butterflies, swans and lace, on a background of pink paper decorated with scroll-work. She read:

Toward thee my dearest wishes turn,

For thee my heart doth fondly yearn,

"I may as well tell you this is one from yer Pa," she put in.

"And till death's—

"Don't sound like 'im," chimed in Lize.

"Don't interrupt when I'm readin'."

"And till death's shadows o'er me fall."

Thou shalt remain my all in all."

"I still remain and death's shadows ain't fallen on him," she said to Lize, "but they soon will on me, if he remains to see that I still work for 'im. Not thet yer Pa ain't all right. It ain't fer me to say a word agin 'im, but them words don't make facts."

She read on—

Oh! could I hope thy love were mine,

My soul should thrill with bliss divine."

"Now all o' thet is stuff, nonsense and foolishness fer it ain't never been and never will be true, at least not fer folks what are sensible and practical. Of course when folks is young they hav

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different ideas and most of 'em is wrong. It's all youthful folly and the Valentines they send reads somethin' like this——"

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Heartfelt Wishes.

'When the golden sun is sinking
And your heart from care is free,
When o'er thousand things you're thinking,
Will you sometimes think of me?

Lizie nervously twisted her fingers. She was listening to what she knew to be the truth.

"Now here's the same thing in plain fact," her mother went on.

"When it's about four o'clock in the afternoon and you're tired to death with the day's work and your mind's a perfect whirl of the things you've been doin' and the things you've left undone,— Will you sometimes think of me? Now if I'd a written that, which I wouldn't, I'd a put at the end, 'will you ever think of rest?' No, child, Valentines is nothin' but idle sayins which nobody ever thinks and the only good they are is to show somebody, as I have tried to show you, how foolish they are."

"Well, you've *sure* explained it all plain enough," said Lizie "but, just the same, that doesn't alter my feelings. All the girls send them and I don't want to be out of it."

"You needn't worry. You won't be, fer nobody know where they came from. They're as likely to think its you, as anyone else."

"You may think that but we make it a point to find out who they come from."

"Well! I never wasted my time that way when I was young."

"Don't believe you ever were young or had a good time,"
Lizie was growing stubborn.

"If you didn't have so many good times, you'd be more help. You ought to be sewin' now. Anyone ud know where yer thoughts are. If you'd spend half the time thinkin' o' those as is slavin' themselves to death fer you, instead o' spendin' your time on pleasurein' John D. and them empty-headed boys that you and the rest of the girls spend your energies tryin' to please you'd be better off. They don't care a snap fer the things you do 'nd they never will. They shouldn't either," she added.

"Then you mean I shouldn't have sent 'em?"

Page 9 "Sent em! You don't mean to tell me you've already sent

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Valentines to the boys, after all this talk's been goin' on?"

"W-e-ll, I didn't say I hadn't."

"No, and what's more, a great deal more, you didn't say you had. Where'd you git the money?"

"From Pa."

"Well, it's like 'im, always helpin' somethin' foolish along."

"But you don't care do you, Ma?"

"Can't," came Ma's short answer.

Someone pushed a big white envelope under the door and Lize sprang to pick it up. "Hope it's fer me," she cried, but with one glance at the envelope, her whole expression changed.

"It's fer Ma!"

"Then suppose you give it to me," said Mrs. Si curtly.

"Open it quick and let's see who sends Valentines to you now," said Lize excitedly.

Deliberately Mrs. Si rose, walked to the table, which was on the other side of the room, took up a pair of scissors and cut off a narrow end of the envelope. Just as deliberately she took out a Valentine. As she unfolded the gay affair she suddenly wheeled about, but Lize was too quick for her. She caught a fleeting glimpse of her Mother's face wreathed, as seldom seen before, in a smile.

"Oh Ma! You'll have to fess up now. Who's it from?" Before her mother could stop her she had snatched the Valentine. Quickly unfolding it, she gave but a glance at the writing.

"It's from Pa!" she cried wildly. "Now who says Valentines ain't the thing?"

Mrs. Si's face wore quite its natural expression as she said brusquely:

"Nonsense, child, nonsense! I ain't responsible for your Pa's doings."



DOROTHY MAY'S VALENTINE

MABEL ODELL, '13



THE
TUCSONIAN

IN DOROTHY MAY was sad this bright February morning. If you had asked her why, she would probably have replied, "Cause I've no valentine for Aunt Margot." Also there was an indefinable feeling of loneliness which crept over her, something which made her feel that her Aunt was in trouble, yet she was powerless to help her.

Dorothy was an orphaned niece of kind Miss Lee who had taken her to raise. She had started Dorothy in the Second grade just after the holidays. This was the first time Dorothy had ever heard of a valentine, when mysterious nods and whispers had been exchanged among the children.

She was now looking at the beautiful garden; row after row of spotless lilies, shell after shell lined the white gravelled walks. The garden was a study in white and green. The lilies bent gently to and fro on their long stalks and every now and then a glimpse of a heart of gold was given, but only a glimpse.

"I don't believe it's so!" Dorothy was saying slowly as she gently tilted the tallest lily and looked down deep, deep, "cause I look every morning and there never is any valentine." Sighing she passed on out of the garden.

The next morning early, while the little birds were still in their nests and everything was wet with dew, when the lilies looked even whiter and more beautiful than usual, little Dorothy May came softly into the garden.

Anyone looking in would have seen a delightful and strange sight—that of a snow white garden, jeweled and guarded by mist, as if the mist were unwilling to expose the fairy blossoms to the bold glances of the sun. While the presiding nymph of this enchanted spot was a fair light-haired child who peered eagerly into each upturned chalice and turned away each time with a sigh of disappointment. Sometimes the disappointment was changed to an expression of wonder and delight as a tiny jeweled songster flew upward thru the guarding mist.

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Dorothy murmured to the tallest and fairest of the lilies, "I'll come once more and maybe then——"

All that night a storm raged and the fairies of the mist, weeping, threw soft veils around the shattered stalks, until the oncoming rays of their enemy pierced them thru, and wounded, they melted away.

The eager little seeker, hurrying out of the house, stopped dismayed at the ravages upon so fair a spot (so sad a beginning for Valentines' Day.) Going over she gently lifted the once proud queen, but alas, the slender reed which had so proudly born the white and gold, was snapt. Glancing to the ground where its root had been so firmly embedded, she saw something glistening and stooping quickly, she pulled from under the loose earth an old miniature pin. Here was a valentine for Auntie!

She hastened to Aunt Margot and proudly displayed her find. Her aunt clutched at the pin and in a broken voice exclaimed, "My valentine, my valentine!"

Dorothy May often visits the enchanted garden, but comes away with the feeling that a link is missing in the golden chain of harmony, for one spot is bare and never will be filled. It is left for the Lily Queen, should she care to come back again.

OUR IDEAL VALENTINE

HARRY VAN HORN, '12



NE FRIDAY a group of gayly dressed, sleepy boys with suit cases and a great display of school colors, stood waiting lazily for their train. Gayly dressed, because they were to see new girls and boys, girls especially, and they wished to make a good impression; sleepy, because they were up and ready at such an early hour. A great display of colors became,—well

because they were proud of their school and loved her colors.

They were all sleepily talking school affairs; the coming exams, the tennis, and, in fact, almost anything about the school from freshman to faculty. Finally they came to the "Tucsonian."

"Hope that paper is better next issue than it was last time."

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said one of the boys. "Why?" asked another.

"Aw, the cuts and a good deal of the stuff was not up to the standard," replied the first.

"Well, the next issue will be the Valentine Number," another remarked, "and I 'spose filled with hearts tied together with arrows and all that dope."

"Uhh!" grunted the captain of the team disgustedly.

"What's the matter with you, Cap't? What do you want for a valentine?"

"I'll tell you what we want for a valentine. We want a whole page of the "Tucsonian" with an electric score board cartooned on it. In a big space where it will read, "Games won from Bisbee," we want two sixty-four candle power red lights burning. That is what we want for a valentine."

We all breathed an amen.

JIMMY'S VALENTINE

CARL VAN HORN, '12



O JIMMY had a girl and seventeen cents,
Or a least he thought that he had a girl.
For hadn't he walked to school one morning
with her and hadn't he written her a
note yesterday, and hadn't she laughed
when she got it? Now he was sure that he
had seventeen cents, for he had them hid
where no one could find them.

Tonight, when he was coming home
from school, he had stopped in Hi Marten's grocery and general
merchandise store. This was the one store of the town. Here he
had seen the valentine. Jimmy could see but this one in the store,
none were so beautiful as it.

It had taken him just thirty minutes to gather courage to ask
Hi the price of the Valentine. Hi had never seen Jimmy so quiet
in the store and so when Jimmy finally asked how much the valen-
tine cost, Hi answered: "Who do you want it for, your girl?"

Jimmy never felt so before. The store had never been so hot.
But finally Hi took pity on him and told him that the price of the
valentine was thirty-five cents. Now Jimmy had only seventeen

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cents. He could get the rest of the money from his mother, but she would want to know what he was going to buy with it, and he just couldn't tell her.

How could he raise the sum of eighteen cents?

Bill Applegate had once upon a time offered him ten cents for a knife that he had bought in the city. Jimmy still had the knife, but did Bill still have the ten cents? He would see in the morning. Well that was twenty-seven cents, but where could he get eight more?

The next day the knife was sold. Hi had caught Bill just as he was going into the store to spend the only ten cents he possessed.

Now for the eight. That evening Jimmy sold all of the old rubber and iron around the house for six cents. There were only two left to be raised. He could ask his father for them, but up would come that question. He just couldn't do it.

At the dinner table that noon Jimmy's father said: "Well, Jim, did you get a hundred in arithmetic today?"

"Yes sir."

"And you got one yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes sir, and the day before."

"Well that's pretty good. Here's five cents. Keep it up and get another one."

Jimmy could not eat any more. He ran all the way to Hi's store and arrived all out of breath. But his valentine was gone from the window and from the store. Hi had sold it to Bud Jenkins, "his rival."



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HER VALENTINE

FLORENCE BECK '12

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HE DAY was cold, raining and sleetng outside. Inside it was very comfortable with a bright, warm fire throwing fan-tastic shapes over the walls. But the two girls were discontented. They had intended to go out in the afternoon, and woe of all it was Valentine's Day.

"I think it's horrid for the weather to act so, but then I might have expected it, because I never can do any thing I want to," grumbled Carrie, the elder.

"Let's make the best of it anyway. You might do something instead of looking out of the window, fussing at the weather," Endora spoke up, frowning at her sister.

"Here comes Granny. I know she will tell us a story." Carrie's frowns changed instantly into smiles. "Granny" always brought cheer with her.

"If thee will be good and sit down here by the fire, I will tell thee a story, certainly," said Granny in her quiet way.

"Two weeks before a Valentine's Day in the olden times, a young man was saying good-bye to his lass. He had promised to send her a valentine. 'I don't know what it will be, Sweetheart, but there will be one,' said he."

"The two weeks passed too slowly for the girl, but at last Valentine's Day came around. All day long she looked for her valentine but it did not come. A few days later the young man returned home and went, of course, to his sweetheart's house. Thee can imagine his amazement when she refused to see him. All day long her mother pleaded with her, but she would not give in. 'He forgot to send me the valentine and so I am going to forget him,' was her only excuse."

"But I sent her one the day before Valentine's and I am cer-tain something must have happened to it."

"I'll believe it when I see his valentine." And so the fruitless messages passed back and forth. But late that night the brass knocker sent its loud ring through the house. A ragged man, mud-

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from head to heels, handed the maid a package."

"This is for thy mistress, handsome and gay."

"When it was opened, the girl found her valentine, a little gold ring with two hearts entwined in each other. She knew then how badly she had behaved. Sending for her lover the next day, she Legged his pardon, which he all too willingly gave."

"And here is the ring, lassies. I've worn it only on Valentine's Day," and Granny held the quaint ring up. "It was our engagement ring."

The girls turned the ring over and over, thinking of the long ago.

"See, the sun is shinning and the clouds have rolled away," cried Carrie. "We can go out after all."

TOMMY AND JERRIE AND ANOTHER

JAMES SULLIVAN, '11



TOMMY BLAKE walked slowly down the street with his hands stuffed in his pockets. He was very, very unhappy. Who wouldn't be so, if he had just quarreled with the girl he liked best and especially just before St. Valentine's Day? Yesterday all had been sunshine and happiness for Tommy, but today clouds had gathered and gloom had settled down on him.

He thought of the valentine he had at home safely hidden away, which he had intended to give to Jerrie, and he wondered now what he should do with it, since he and Jerrie had quarreled.

All this trouble was caused by Arthur Jackson and Tommy swore he would never speak to him again. What right had he to walk home from school with Jerrie? He would never forgive Jerrie for treating him the way she did. Anyway hadn't she told him she liked Jackson better than him and that she didn't care if he did get mad at her? He told himself that he didn't care either, but this didn't help any and he couldn't keep from thinking about it.

All this time, while Tommy was walking down the street thinking, Jerrie had been sitting in her room at home thinking, too,

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and strange to say she was thinking about the same thing that Tommy was. She couldn't realize that it was true, for as far back as she could remember, she couldn't recall the time when she hadn't known Tommy, and she was now thirteen and Tommy was fifteen, and so that was a very long time. Then the thought of Arthur Jackson. How she hated him! What right had he to walk home with her and make Tommy mad? No, she would never speak to him again. It was his fault that Tommy was mad. Poor Tommy! She had treated him rather badly, but then he had acted so spiteful, that she said things she hadn't meant.

When Tommy got home he went to his room and took the treasured valentine from its hiding place and gazed at it for a long time. He could see Jerrie as she opened it with impatient fingers and imagined he could hear her exclamation of joy as she saw how pretty it was. He carefully placed it back in the box and then began to think. Yes, he would give it to Jerrie after all.

When Jerrie received the square package, she could hardly wait to open it. When she saw the valentine, she uttered an exclamation of rapture at its beauty. She knew who had sent it. No one but Tommy could send such a beautiful valentine. The next morning as Tommy was passing her house on the way to school, he saw Jerrie just coming out of the gate. He didn't know what to do, but decided he would walk right on by. But Jerrie thought otherwise. Just as he passed, she said, "Oh, Tommy" so sweetly that Tommy stopped. And Tommy and Jerrie walked happily to school together.

THE VALENTINE I LIKE BEST

SARAH MASON, '13

There are valentines of every kind,
Of every shape and hue,
But the valentine that I like best,
Is the one I'll get from you.

It doesn't matter how plain it is,
For I know you love me true,
And that is the reason that I like best,
The one that I'll get from you.

LUCRETIA'S VALENTINE

HARRY HARPHAM, '12



time's Day.

It so happened that Lucretia, who was by far the fairest maiden of all Rome and who was wood, but not won, by many of high degree, was in love with a young man of noble rank, but below her in position. This young man, Lucius by name, was also madly in love with Lucretia. But Lucretia had another lover, who was very rich and very wicked. He was also in the habit of placing his name in the casket in the hopes of its being drawn by her.

This year Lucius decided to mark his tablet so that Lucretia could not fail to draw it. He explained this to Lucretia and she promised to draw his tablet.

But Lucius had been overheard by a slave of Lucretia's other lover, Laberius. He immediately told the scheme to his master, who decided to mark his tablet in the same way, in the hopes that Lucretia would draw it.

When Valentine's Day dawned, all the maidens of Rome assembled around the casket. When it came Lucretia's turn to draw, she hesitated before two tablets marked exactly alike. Finally she drew the one nearest to her. It was Lucius'.

With a cry of rage Laberius drew his sword and rushed upon Lucius. Long and hard they fought and finally both were killed, and in dying Lucretia's tablet was stained with their blood. This was Lucretia's valentine.



IN THE NICK OF TIME

GLADYS GIBBS '13

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ARENNESS now reigned in a far northern state for there had been heavy snows on the ground all winter. Most of the wild creatures had wandered to some milder country or died from cold and starvation.

It seemed as though there was only one coyote left of all the pack; as a gaunt yellowish beast staggered forth from a den in a narrow canyon, between overhanging cliffs. On the top grew massive pines towering towards the cold heavens, slightly warmed by a pale sun. The snow had begun to soften in places, and although it was now the middle of February, there was a strong, cold wind from the north that howled despairingly among the trees and sighed down the canyon, as if the sight of the sun gave it encouragement to begin life anew. The coyote, with nose pointing skywards, sniffed the air. It seemed to him that he smelt a welcome scent. As swiftly as his condition permitted, he trotted up the wind. The scent became stronger. Soon he came to footprints in the snow. Well he knew what tracks those were. But he was so tired he could go no farther, and so lay down in the comforting rays of the sun and rested.

After he had trotted over the ridge of the hill, he saw a small herd of antelope grazing on a few sprigs of grass where the snow had partially melted. Stealthily he crept towards the nearest of his unsuspecting prey. He crouched low; a tremor ran through him, for he knew what it meant if he missed his aim. His muscles tightened. With one leap he cleared the intervening space and sank his long white fangs in the antelope's nostrils. It gave one bound and was thrown to the ground. There was a short struggle, and the coyote's life was saved.



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THE TUCSONIAN

STUDENTS RESPONSIBLE

Probably a good many High School students would like to see the Tucsonian have more stories and more jokes. Often they might be dissatisfied with some feature of the paper, but they never think to blame themselves. The High School as a whole is responsible for this magazine and everyone must try to help it in some way or the Tucsonian will not be a success. There are not enough stories handed in, nor nearly enough jokes. Of course, everything cannot be accepted, but we must have a lot of material to pick from, in order to get anything worth while. If you can't do anything else, the business manager would be much obliged to receive the small sum of one dollar for your subscription.

TUCSON, ARIZONA'S METROPOLIS

In the recent census returns it is gratifying to notice that Tucson is still the metropolis of Arizona and New Mexico. In the last ten years Tucson has nearly doubled its population and besides has greatly increased its wealth and resources. Although Tucson claims to be the oldest city in the United States, yet the present city is comparatively new, for it was only a few years ago that a few Mexicans and a couple of burros made up the town's population. About twenty-five years ago the town started to grow, and in that time a desert waste has been transformed into the beautiful modern city of Tucson. Tucson has a promising outlook for the future. Two more railroads, the El Paso Southwestern and the Port Lobo line, will be extended into Tucson. The Southern Pacific shops will be rebuilt, and possibly a smelter will be built within a few miles of the city. In fact everything indicates that Tucson will have a population of 25,000 in 1915.

THE SENIOR PLAY

We all remember how successful the Senior play was last year. This year we should give a still better one, if such a thing were possible, or at least do as well as the class of 1910. But it will take time to do it. There is now a little over three months, before commencement week, and nothing has been done toward preparing for the play. The play will have to be picked out, the copies sent for, and the parts learned, before any rehearsing can be done. All this is apt to take over a month and so the time to begin is now.

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**THE
TUCSONIAN OUR
BASEBALL
TEAM**

At last it looks as though the Tucson High School will have a championship team in at least one branch of athletics. So far our football team and our basketball team have not been exactly champions, although they have won a fair proportion of their games. But this year we will have, from the present outlook, a baseball team which will not be content with winning only some of their games, but which will win every game they play.

One reason for our optimistic outlook is that we will have a team composed entirely of experienced men, while in basketball every man was new at the game, and in football seven of the eleven players were inexperienced. Already in practice games, the team has played in major league style. So, fellow students, get out and root for the Tucson High School baseball team, the 1911 champions.

Save up your money for an extra copy of the Arizona number. It is going to be a "hummer" this year.

Fellow students, "for the love of Mike," as our friend Matt puts it, pay up for your subscriptions. Our creditors are getting peevish.

Would the "Freshies" kindly refrain from swiping the Exchanges from the side table in the assembly hall.



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WILL KING, '20, Editor

PRESENTATION OF T's



ON FRIDAY morning, December 9th, Mr. Steele read from the rostrum the names of those who had earned a "T" in football. Each of the boys so honored walked with a proud step up to the rostrum, grasped his precious "T" and with a rolling swagger, returned to his seat, as if defying anyone to say now that he was not a "hero of the gridiron."

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

The two instrumental pieces we heard on Friday morning, December 9th certainly did anyway. The first was a classic piano selection played by Anna Pistor, whose playing is envied by all the girls and admired by all the boys. The second was an excellent violin selection executed by Mr. C. de Hoyos. We know nothing about "fingering," "expression" or "touch," and so we cannot praise the execution of Anna Pistor and Mr. C. de Hoyos, in any technical terms, but to use an ordinary slang phrase, we will say they were both "there with the goods."

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

This is rather late in the day to write up a Christmas talk, but
Page 25 Page 23 the excellent Christmas address which the Rev. Roberts of the Con-

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gregational Church delivered to the students on the Friday morning before Christmas; certainly deserves mention. His talk consisted of three thoughts which he presented in order. The first was of the Christ child enthroned in the hearts of the world at Christmas time, and of the Christmas spirit which rules, or ought to rule, in the hearts of men at that time. The second thought was the selfishness which is only too common at Christmas time, when everyone ought to be generous and kind. He illustrated this by a little jingle about a man who thought of Christmas as a "swapping game." The third and last thought was some advice. It was to take the Christmas spirit into everyday life, not to keep it in store as something only to be brought out at Christmas time.

CUPS FOR DEBATING

The High School did not have any visitors one Friday morning, but were addressed by Supt. Newson, who, in a brief talk told us of a cup to be offered for debating. It seems that Editor Williams of the "Tucson Citizen" is greatly interested in debating and in order that the High School will develop some real good debators, he intends putting up a cup for that purpose. This cup will be given to the High School boy or girl who is judged to be the best debator. Mr. Steele and the other members of the faculty will draw up the rules for the contest, which will be held sometime this spring. The contest for this cup ought to be the cause of some good debating. Here's the chance for an ambitious High School student to get in and win it. After he has won it, he can show it to all his friends and, assuming an air of conscious excellence, point in silent pride to the inscription: Given to So-and-So. Best Individual Debator.

SENIOR STATEMENTS

The members of the H. P. P. C., an organization of the Senior girls, have not had a meeting for several weeks. However, Myrtle Duffy is planning to entertain them about January 21.

A senior class meeting was held the week before Christmas; after much debate, a class pin was decided upon. Everyone made a deposit with the president and is now wondering if he will get his pin or if the president has been having a good time off the deposits.

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JUNIOR NOTES

That basketball game at Bisbee must have been too much for Harry Van Horn—he was out of school the week following.

Finding the temperature in Tucson too warm during the last days of December, Harry Harpham, Edgar Rogers and Artice Woods took advantage of the Christmas holidays and went up to Mt. Lemon where the "cooling breezes blow." They report that they didn't need a thermometer to tell that it was cold.

Eugene Shaw spent his Christmas week working for the Post Office.

WHAT THE SOPHS ARE DOING

The Sophomore girls are ahead of the other girls in the High School in entertaining at least. They have given four parties lately. The first was a Christmas tree party given by Juanita Roche. Dancing was the chief feature of the evening.

On Wednesday night, January 4th, Helen Lindsley was At Home to a number of her friends.

The taffy pull given by Gladys Gibbs was a complete success; nobody realized how the time flew and it was way into the "wee sma' hours" before the guests "beat it for home."

Gladys Rause gave a little party to a few of her friends on Saturday evening, January 7th. Dancing and numerous games served to pass the evening.

The Sophomore class is sorry to lose La Rue Winsor, who has gone to Red Rock, California, to live.

Thomas Wyche, who has been at work down at the S. P. station, has come back for the second semester.

Delmar McGovney left the High School to work for the Western Union, but evidently thought better of it, for his "bright and smiling face" has been noticed about the High School lately.

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AMONG THE VERDANT FRESHIES

The Freshman are all glad to see Grant Culley among them again. He was so unfortunate as to have scarlet fever and missed over three weeks of school.

Robert Pilcher of Chicago, and Lester and Martha Hankins of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, are new members of the Freshman class.

George Tinney has returned to school after a three weeks' absence.

"TUCSONIAN" SCRIBES ARE ENTERTAINED

Don't you wish you had been a member of the staff on Saturday night, December 10? It was on that date that Miss Newcomer and Miss Atkinson entertained the intellectual scribes who get out the "Tucsonian." All of the 17 members of the staff were there except Charley Balderas and Manuel Molina. Their places were filled by Arnett Seamonds and Walter Lovejoy, both of whom were on the paper last year. Twelve boys to five girls seems rather an uneven proportion but the girls were clever, witty, and entertaining enough to make up what they lacked in numbers. There were three games played, all of which tested our ability to puzzle things out. The first was a list in which the names of magazines were hinted at and one had to do the rest. Will King won this and received a "Ghost Book" as a prize. In the next game you had to untwist some "Tucsonian Twists." These jumbled words were pretty puzzling, but the mighty brains of Harry Van Horn, Walter Lovejoy and Arnett Seamonds all succeeded in figuring them out. They cut for the prize and "Red's" usual luck was with him. The prize for this was a "Pig Book" and making ghosts in the "Ghost Book" and drawing pigs blindfolded in the "Pig Book" added greatly to the merriment. The third game was a race to see who could compose the greatest number of words out of the words "The Tucsonian." Bob Crowder was the winner in this, but was given a close run for it by Teddie Richey, who was only one word below him. After this last game the refreshments were served. They were certainly elaborate and served in a manner the "daintiest yet." By the time these were over it was time to go home and so we all departed, thinking to ourselves that the party might be summed up in the one word, "class."

"BOOST TUCSON"

Friday, the thirteenth, was not a hoodoo day for us, but a fortunate one, for we had the pleasure of being addressed by Secretary Failor of the chamber of commerce, and were awakened to the true worth of Arizona in general and Tucson in particular. Mr. Failor started out poetically and praised our glorious sunsets, our beautiful moonlight nights, our majestic mountains and our superb climate. Coming down to more material things, he told us of Arizona's resources, her metals and building stone, her rich farming lands, and her three new railroads, one completed and two about to be built. Coming still closer home he spoke of Tucson—her traffic, her commerce, her mills, and lastly her many excellent schools. As to what he said about T. H. S., well, as a Sophomore boy was heard to remark: "If we heard praise like that every day, we'd have to buy bigger hats." Mr. Failor said he would have to do as everybody did who addressed a school and give us some advice. The value of his advice must not be judged by its length, for

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A JOYRIDE

On Friday night, after the basketball game with the University, as a bunch of loyal sons and daughters of T. H. S. came out of the Mission, they happened to see a big Pope-Hartford resting peacefully by the curbing. Just then Mr. Tremaine of Phoenix, the owner of the car, came hurrying up, climbed in and advised us to do likewise. Did we? We did—to the extent of fifteen. Then the supply of kids gave out, although there was still lots(?) of room left in the auto. Off we went for a ride around town, hailing whomever we saw if we recognized them and picking up Horace and Gilbert on the way. Finally we were let off, at the Mission again and the ride was over, except for the hearty yell we gave Mr. Tremaine.



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EXCHANGES

JOHN HAYNES, '12, *Editor*



E ARE glad to know that our efforts in behalf of the Tucsonian are met with commendation and wish to express our thanks. It is for just such encouragement as this, and criticism, too, that the Exchange Department is maintained. The Tucsonian owes many of its best features to hints tendered by fellow papers and hopes for considerable improvement in the future through co-operation in this way.

"Joshua Palm"—Goldfield High School, Goldfield, Nevada:
That bit of poetry on page 5 of your November issue entitled "A Thanksgiving Prayer" is of unusual merit and a more beautifully worded poem would be hard to find in any High School magazine. The "Joshua Palm" is quite an unpretentious affair, but from first to last contains solid worth.

The "Tahoma" of Tacoma High School, Tacoma, Wash., is lucky in having such a handsome cover design. The Tacoma High School contains quite a bevy of writers judging from the size of the Literary Department. The students seem to be very loyal to their home town, for much of its real and legendary history is set forth in the December issue. It is evident that all parts of the paper have

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received careful attention. We wish to mention the unusually fine work of the Exchange editor. With discriminating praise and picturesque phrases her criticisms are really worth while.

The "Totem" of Lincoln High School, Seattle, Wash., from cover to cover is a typical High School paper. It contains more than usual merit this time, however. There is a considerable improvement in the reading matter and the cover design surpasses those of all previous issues.

The "Clarion" of Salem High School, Salem, Oregon, is brimming full of genuine school spirit. The Literary Department gives ample evidence that Salem High is not lacking in talent. Among the very best features of that department is the clever parody on "My Rosary." The November issue contains several good poems, the one entitled "To a Rose" being a gem.

"High School Record"—Girl's High School, Louisville, Ky.
You are up to the mark in all respects this time. All your stories are good and there are several worthy little pieces of poetry. The students of your school certainly toe the line when it comes to high grades. One hundred and twenty-seven pupils on the Honor Roll is a number attained by but few schools and a thing of which to be proud.

The Editorial Staff of the "Polaris," North High School, Columbus, Ohio, should feel a just pride in the December issue of their magazine. The Athletic Department is especially well written. But the "Polaris" is behind many of the other papers in one respect—that of placing advertisements in the front. This practice has been discontinued by many of the leading magazines.

As Others See Us

"The 'Tucsonian' for November is a peach. The cover is simple, but artistic, and the shape adds to its appearance. The paper is also good. The departments are all well edited and the headlines are good. The Literary Department is large and good. On the whole, the paper deserves nothing but praise."—*Totem, Wash.*

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Tucsonian—"You have a very attractive paper."—*Red and Black, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

Tucsonian—"You are certainly a credit to your school, as well as to your Editorial staff in every way."—*Sentinel, Los Angeles, Cal.*

"We received a number of very good Exchanges this month. Among the best of these was "The Tucsonian," Tucson, Ariz. This paper was so near perfection that we do not feel able to criticize it in any way."—*Lariat, Cheyenne, Wyoming.*

- Following is the list of magazines received up to date:
- "Argus"—Findlay, Ohio.
"Calender"—Buffalo, N. Y.
"Cærules"—Long Beach, Cal.
"Clarion"—Salem, Oregon.
"Carlisle Arrow"—Carlisle, Pa.
"Echo"—Montrose, Colo.
"Forum"—St. Joseph, Mo.
"Gold and Blue"—Salt Lake City, Utah.
"Herald"—Carthage, Mo.
"Inter-Nos"—West Aurora, Ill.
"Joshua Palm"—Goldfield, Nev.
"Lariat"—Cheyenne, Wyo.
"Maroon and White"—Kellogg, Ind.
"Native American"—Phoenix, Ariz.
"Owl"—Rockford, Ill.
"Oracle"—Cincinnati, Ohio.
"Poppy"—Winters S. H., Cal.
"Polaris"—Columbus, Ohio.
"Porcupine"—Reedley, Cal.
"Premier"—Fall River, Mass.
"Record"—Louisville, Ky.
"Recorder"—Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Review"—Washington, D. C.
"Review"—Hamilton, Ohio.
"Red and Black"—Salt Lake, Utah.
"Register"—Omaha, Neb.
"Red Man"—Carlisle, Pa.
"Student"—Tempe, Ariz.
"Searchlight"—Round Brook, N. J.
"Sandbur"—York, Neb.
"Student Crier"—South Haven, Mich.
"Sentinel"—Los Angeles, Cal.
"Sentinel"—Los Angeles, Cal.
"Semiman"—Charlestown, W. Va.
"S. V. C. Student"—Los Angeles, Cal.
"Totem"—Seattle, Wash.
"Taborna"—Tacoma, Wash.
"Tattler"—El Paso, Texas.
"Voice"—Owensboro, Ky.



G. G.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

ROBERT CROWDER, '12, *Editor*



ELL, WELL, WELL, here we are again, with an apology. No, it's not a defeat; it's a bum write-up. In the December issue, our account of the Thanksgiving football game with the University Youngsters contained two errors: First, we made out first touchdown within five minutes after the first kick off, and not in the second quarter as stated; second, this first touchdown was made by Horace Martin, our *e pluribus unum* center, instead of by the quarterback. The quarterback, Gilbert McMillen, made the second touchdown and Jim Skinner the third. Now we've got it straight, we're off for

BASKETBALL

After school on Thursday, January 12, our first and second teams beat it for the U. A. gym and also beat the U. A. first team in a practice game by the close score of 21-18. Our first team played one half, the second team, the other. At the end of the first half, our first team had piled up a strong lead, having over double their opponents' score; but in the second half the U. A. boys went up against

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a weaker team and almost evened things up. The length of the halves was regulation.

Saturday evening, January 14, we went up against the fast Bisbee aggregation on their home floor. When the smoke cleared away twenty three electric fans were busily engaged in reviving the dead and injured, the orchestra was playing Home, Sweet Home, and through the latticed windows floated the sad, sweet tones of an Arizona nightingale braying Yankee Doodle. The score was 42-14. We didn't win. Most of the points scored by Bisbee were made by one man, Walter O'Malley, the star member of their last year's team, the team that was unanimously accorded the championship of the basketball southwest last year. That team still remains almost intact, and is playing as fast as last year.

Friday evening, January 20, we played a match game with the U. A. The score was 25-17, their favor. Sickness lost us two members of the first team and also the first sub, therefore we were forced to play members of the weak second team. Harry Van Horn, our quick, accurate, and tricky forward was sick in bed; Artice Woods, our fast and hard fighting guard was detained by the very serious illness of a brother; Denny Ryan, fast first sub, was just up from sickness and too weak to play. Arizona is, by her choice, our only real enemy, and games with her are the ones that we can afford the least to lose. Why, under existing circumstances, the game was not postponed, is a question that suggests itself. Horace Martin, Gilbert McMillen and Jim Skinner, the captain of the team, deserve especial commendation for the hard game they put up against heavy odds. Peterson, Darnall and Wooddell, who took the places of Van Horn and Woods, played a hard and willing game, but of course they could not be the basketball players that the boys for whom they were substituted were (and are). It would be too much like the case of "That's what they all say" if we were to say that another game would tell a different tale, but from the foregoing paragraphs, inferences are easily drawn.

Friday, January 27, at the U. A. gym, Tucson and Bisbee played the last game of basketball for this season. To be more exact, it was Bisbee that did the playing, while Tucson worked—hard.

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harder, hardest. The result, though sad, was still not so disastrous as that of a similar event that happened nostra etiam memoria, as one J. Caesar was fond of putting it. Our "Fierce Golden Eagle of Victory" has had his wings clipped, one at a time, but look out, there, U. of A., he still has beak and talons, and baseball is played hereabouts.

Oh, "hoot," (excuse me, George), what's the use of procrastination such as this? We lost. The score was 29-16.

Blossbee had five players on her team. Four of them were stars, and the other four fine players. Tucson used six players, and it fell to the lot of Captain Jim Skinner and Gilbert McMillan to cop on to all the meteorites that came our way. Captain Jim was here, there and everywhere, always in his man's way, and still finding time to make an occasional goal. As for McMillan, he made all seven of our points in the first half, and a few in the second. One of these was a catamontalapalooza. We mean he threw the ball from one end of the field to the other, and missed the basket quite entirely. Fortunately, however, the rim of the basket completely encircled the path of the ball.

BASEBALL

The baseball season opened Monday, January 30. Coach Moore expects to have a winning team in shape in a few weeks. The boys are showing up well. The probable line-up is: Catchers, Wyche, Meyer; pitcher, Moore; first base, Woods; second base, Moore, Meyer; third base, Ingham; shortstop, Werner; left field, Darnall, Skinner or Peterson; right field Darnall, Peterson or Skinner; center field, Crowder. The Tempe Normal has written asking for an exchange. A game may be played with Phoenix when that team is brought here by the University. Several games will probably be exchanged with the University. No other games are in sight at present.

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GIRLS' ATHLETICS

BESSE BARLEY, '11, *Editor*

ATHLETIC MEETING



THE GIRLS' Athletic Association held a meeting in the Assembly Hall on Wednesday night, December 15. The girls from Tempe Normal were coming the following Friday and plans for their entertainment during their stay had to be made. Since the Tempe girls were playing against both the High School and the University, the High School girls had to provide for only half of the girls on the visiting team. Owing to the generosity and hospitality of the girls, this matter was quickly settled and the meeting adjourned.

TEMPE vs. TUCSON

Friday night, December 16! A date long to be remembered, at least by the girls on the team, not only because of the unusually hard work done during the game, but also on account of the soul satisfying score. Here, in truth, was a victory worth gaining and the girls began the game with unmistakable vim. Tucson had evidently not forgotten that not long since, Tempe had "rubbed her nose in the dirt," and she went on the field with the determination to pay off her score. The Tempe girls, so it seemed, were equally determined

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to keep the High School girls in humiliation. With these two conflicting forces combating over the ball, the whistle sounded and the struggle began. Though the Tempe girls were much stronger physically, the Tucson team was as strong mentally. The girls had their game well in hand and made some splendid plays throughout the evening.

Tucson's forward made a field goal, then immediately following, one of the Tempe's forwards threw a field goal, making the score 2 to 2. The ball passed back and forth over the field and the score passed to another tie, 5 to 5. A few minutes more of work and then the first half of the game ended with the score 8 to 8. The result of the battle looked doubtful. Each team was still self-confident. The whistle blew, the ball was tossed up, and the last half of the game was on. More exciting grew the struggle, and faster flew the ball, but the score began to slowly climb higher for the Tucson First, and the game ended with the triumphant score of 16 to 11 in favor of Tucson High. Three cheers for the first team!

The line-up was as follows:

Tucson.	Position.	Tempe.
Teddy Richey	Forward	Jennie Weedin
Helen Campbell	Forward	Alma Ellingson
Dora McMillan	Center	Mary Dunlap
Ernestine Gannen	second center	Neoma Millet
Sadie Hawke	Guard	Hazel Barr
Ruth Cheyney	Guard	Lucile Morris

Mr. Irish of Tempe acted as referee and Mr. Steele was Umpire for the game.

Before the Christmas vacation, interest in basketball decreased, and not much practicing was done. However, Christmas vacation comes but once a year and now the girls have gone back to the sport with renewed vigor.

HARD LUCK

The best free goal thrower of the first team has been having her share of hard luck this year. On account of an operation she was debarred from the game played at Tempe, on December 3. She was able however, to play in the game at the University between Tucson and Tempe Normal. Games at that time were scheduled to be play-

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ed soon with Bisbee, and the team was counting on "Ted" for goal throwing as usual, when suddenly "Mr. Sickness" in his journeying chanced to attack her and she is at present confined at her home with scarlet fever.

MEMORIES

The Manager states that there has been no marked increase in the number of association members who have paid their dues. Prick your memories, and remember to pay off your debts. The money is sorely needed and would be duly appreciated.

TUCSON vs. BISBEE

Saturday morning, January 14, both the boys' and girls' team of the High School, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Steele left for Bisbee to encounter the Bisbee first team. The game was begun in the evening at 8 o'clock. Since the Tucson team had been up against Bisbee teams before they expected a sturdy set, but this proved beyond their expectations, much to their regret. Mr. Steele was to have refereed the game, but during the first few minutes of the first half his eyeglasses were broken in the skirmish, and Mr. Ketchall of Bisbee referred the remainder, until Mr. Steele could be provided with a new pair of "eyes." The game from the first seemed to lack energy and enthusiasm, the result of which was another humiliating defeat. During the last half Tucson had many chances for free throws, but there the team was weak and the score was held down accordingly. At the end of the game the score stood 14-4, in favor of Bisbee.

The line-up was:

	Position	
Helen Campbell.....	Forward.....	Kittie Weegan
Ella Dorn.....	Forward.....	Erthy Byers
Dora McMillan.....	Center.....	Lena Blair
Ernestine Gamm.....	Second Center.....	Blanche Beckwith
Sidie Hawke.....	Guard.....	Ruth Wade
Ruth Cheyney.....	Guard.....	Bessie Gill
Agnes Woods.....	Sub.....	Celia Chase

These teams were old opponents and each was bound to win. Tucson had hoped to overcome, but the Fates had decreed otherwise.

The visiting team was treated royally, as always by the Bisbeeites and came away with no ill feeling in their hearts.

A game with Bisbee in Tucson has been arranged to take place about the 26th of January. The Tucson team is hoping that with the aid of loyal High rooters and an accustomed field to play on, they will do exactly unto the Bisbee team as they were done unto. Here's to their success.

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JOKES



PEDDIE RICHENY, '13, Editor

HERE'S TO YOU, TUCSONIAN.

Hurrah for the Tucsonian,
It is certainly fine,
And seems to get better
All the time.

Hurrah for the staff,
They're certainly bright,
For they give us a paper
That suits all right.

A. G. '13.

POOR SOPH.

When the Soph at dawn looks out on the world
He thinks he'd like to fight,
His scattered thoughts, with Latin whirl
With studying all the night—
He groans when'er the school-bell rings,
For his Latin he does not know.
These are some thoughts on what school brings
Don't we get tired tho?

N. H. '13.

To my valentine.

What made you think it was for you?

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THE FRESHMAN'S VALENTINE.

The freshman has a nickel,
Big and bright and round,
And when with it he bangs his desk,
Comes forth a pleasant sound.

He glances at the 'semly clock;
The hour hand points to three—
"Just five more minutes," freshie sighs,
"And then I shall be free."

School dismissed—the freshie's free,
But does he run and play?
Nay, nay, my son, he's biz on hand,
Tomorrow is Valentine's day.

With his nickel held tightly in his hand
The freshman enters a store,
And stares in wide-eyed wonder
At the valentines galore.

He decides at last—"tis a gorgeous thing
All covered with deep red hearts
And lots of flowers—a message of love,
With Cupid and his darts.

Early next morning ere his dear teacher comes,
On the dask of his instructress so kind,
He places the offer of his childish heart,
His dear little five-cent valentine.

—King Wing, '11.

A VALENTINE.

The semester exams, they come, they come,
English, history, that's going some;
That you will pass in everyone,
Is my valentine wish for you, dear one.

C. H. '13.

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Act up, and the class acts with you,
Be good, and you're good alone.

The Van Horn twins are known to fame,
In High School they have made a name;
The one like Mitt is long and lean,
The one like Jeff can scarce be seen;
The first is tall and lank and spare,
The other short and thick and fair;
They both take part in sports galore,
And still are wishing they had more.

Wanted—A fine angora cat to rid the High School of rats.

ENTHUSIASM.

Husband—"Here is some money that I worked mighty hard to get. I think I deserve some applause."

Wife—"Applause! You deserve an encore."—Ex.

John liked to play hooky from school and whenever he did, the teacher would write a note to his mother, telling her of his absence.

For a long time the mother failed to receive any note. Finally she received one saying that John was at school today.

MOVING PICTURES.

He gulped a sandwich and a pie,
And quickly hastened to the High,
He met the Prof at the entrance door,
And now he comes to school no more.

WHO?

There was a young man from Maffy,
Who once was fond of taffy,
He ate too much
And now has a touch,
Of the disease that we all call daffy.

C. L. '13.

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Eamice—"Gladys, did you wear your bicycle today?"
Gladys—"Yes, but I left my watch at home."

COUPLE FROM THE EAST.

Lady—"Little boy, is that a bronco or a mustang?"
Little Boy, very much astonished does not answer.
Gentleman (overhearing the question)—"That is what they
call a burro, out here, madam."

Iubet sic Caesar et forte dux.

Miss Johnston (in History II)—"Lewis, tell all you know about
Joan of Arc."

Lewis—"Well, she was a great marksman and shot an apple
off her son's head with an arrow."

Miss Johnston—"Then who was William Tell?"

Lewis—"Oh—he was a great religious teacher and general."

Miss Atkinson—"These six weeks are only five weeks, and so
we'll have to work harder."

Teacher—"What is a nectarine?"

Freshie—"It's a one-eighth negro."

Will King (in Latin)—"And Caesar was docking his men be-
fore burying them."

Tennis collector corners a debtor and asks for 50 cents dues,
and these are his answers on two different occasions:

"See you tomorrow."

(He's blind).

"Pay you tomorrow, if I live."

(He's dead).

Student (translating in Vergil)—"And he drags the woods
head over heels."

For of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: "They've won again."

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If o's were only dollars, wouldn't we be rich!!

What we say Out West: "If you ever shoot me with that shotgun of yours—and I find it out—you'll get hurt."

John to Agnes (who has her arms full of books)—"You must expect to be on the honor roll next month."

Miss Newcomer—"Meus amicos est carus."

Freshman Student (translating)—"My friend is a wagon."

Miss Caldwell (English 1)—"What is the difference between 'precede' and 'proceed'?"

Chauncy—"Precede means to go before and proceed means to go behind."

A disastrous accident—Lucile W.: "Oh, goodness! I have lost my soul (sole)!"

Little Girl—"What does a bucket do when it become frightened?"

Johnny—"I don't know."

Little Girl—"It turns pail."

Newspaper Boy—"Citizen."

Stranger—"O, go on, I'm a Dago."

Bill to Ben—"Let's go into the Junior classroom this hour and bear them describe a triangle with *six* sides."

Mother dear, may I go racing?

Yes, my darling Jack,

Learn to run your auto well,

But don't go near the track.

J. N. C. '14.

Teacher—"Johnny, can you tell something about Russia.
Who reigns in that country?"

Johnny—"There reigns an intense cold, Sir."

THE
TUCSONIAN

Blamed in the History class.

Mr. Moore—"Dorothy, who were the tribunates of Rome and how many were there?"

Dorothy—"The tribunates of Rome were, well, they were, well, —well—I don't know."

Newspaper Boy—"Stan."

Stranger (under the influence of liquor)—"I seen them last night."

Mr. Moore (to Dorothy)—"You have been disturbing the class. I think I will have to hold you for about an hour after school."

The rest of the girls in the room stare with jealousy at Dorothy.

Teacher—"Mary, what was the importance of the law allowing marriage between the plebeians and patricians?"

Mary—"It made them like each other better."

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
High School's but an empty dream,
For Exams will come to show us
That things are not what they seem.

D. S. '14.

Miss Frazer (in English)—"Some one asked me if I wrote that play on the board. Well, I certainly did not. Shakespeare wrote it."

Carl (to the boy who sits next)—"That's queer. I thought he was dead."

A young Irish officer on furlough in Dublin was living in very small quarters. A visiting friend expressed his surprise.—

"Why Charles, how long have you lived in this little nutshell?"

Quick as a flash came the reply:

"Not long enough to become a kernel."—Ex.

Kid—"I bet you've never had a whole skirt on your back."

Ditto—"Of course not, you Mum. Half of it has always been in front."

THE TUCSONIAN

A WORD TO OUR ADVERTISERS

You believe advertising in the daily paper pays and so do we. Starting on this basis, listen to a comparison.

A daily paper may go to eight hundred homes in Tucson. It is read by one member, perhaps two, in a family. It is rarely kept after the day of its issue. The headlines are read, the foreign news scanned, personal items are looked over, the paper is thrown away.

With the Tucsonian it is different. This magazine is *kept on the library table for weeks*. Father, mother, each child looks it over. It is picked up in an hour of leisure. People never read ads unless they have a few minutes to spare. Tucsonians are kept from year to year. We have had a dozen calls since September for an Arizona number of last year. But we can't find any one who is willing to give up his copy of the paper. Even old Tucsonians have a value.

A business man of Tucson said the other day: "The Tucsonian is the best school paper of the country."

A business man will advertise if he is sure his ad will be *read by a fair number of people*.

The Tucsonian has a circulation of 400 copies. It reaches 350 of the best homes in Tucson, *Homes of your patrons*. One thousand Tucson citizens *read* not only The Tucsonian, but the *ads* in The Tucsonian. As a pure matter of business it *must* pay you to advertise therein.



THE
TUCSONIAN

*The New Spring Styles of
Young Men's Suits, Hats, Shirts and
Regal Shoes are ready*

ARMSTRONG & CO.
"Good Clothes Merchants"

DR. TROUTMAN

SCIENTIFICALLY
FITS GLASSES

*Treats Diseases of Eyes, removes Adenoids and Catarrhal
conditions of
EAR, NOSE AND THROAT*

20 South Stone Avenue

TUCSON, Arizona

The other day a number of Juniors, after spending several hours studying gases, went into the chemistry laboratory and made a gas car.

WALTER L. REID



BICYCLES AND SUNDRIES

Telephone 4421

88 North Stone Avenue

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THE
TUCSONIAN

KODAKS

—\$1.00 to \$100.00—

Full line of Supplies on hand at all times.

DEVELOPING, PRINTING and ENLARGING
by Modern Methods.

Smith Sporting Goods Co.

The Most Interesting Store in Tucson

Mr. Moore (who has drawn a rough map of Sicily on the board)—"Mary, locate Syracuse."

Mary—"I know where it is, but I don't know where you would put it on that map."

Arizona Lumber and Mill Co.

INCORPORATED

Wholesale and Retail Lumber Dealers

Mining Timbers, Sash and Doors, Lime, Cement
Builder's Hardware and "Paroid" Roofing

CUSON ARIZONA

General Office and Yards Opposite S. P. Freight Depot

J. W. Estill, Manager

Phone Main 3471

THE
TUCSONIAN

The Quality Store

BRANNEN & HANNY

Men's and Boys' Outfitters

Capo-Hohusen Jewelry Co.

Arizona's Leading Jewelers

Headquarters for
HIGH SCHOOL AND UNIVERSITY PINS

Question—How is a first year High School student and a river alike?

Answer—They are both fresh.

Dr. A. G. Schnabel

Diseases of Children

Office 21 E. Pennington St.

Office Phone Black 422
Residence Phone Black 3300

Dents, Harness

Paints and Painter's Supplies



Corbett Hardware House

Page 50

THE
TUCSONIAN

Where Is Jack?

PHONE
R E D
1 2 3 1

He's There

JENNINGS & WATSON'S

We are showing a fine line of
MIDDY BLOUSES

for girls of all ages at prices
ranging from

\$1.25 to \$3.50

W.J. Kitts Sons

Lives of athletes all remind us,
That we too, can win great fame,
And departing, leave behind us,
Gooseeggs—just beside our name.

“THE BANK FOR ALL CLASSES”

MOST MEN AT FIFTY

Have accumulated a lot of extravagant habits
and are sky on real ready money. Let your
case be a reverse of this order. Start a Savings
account with this strong institution at
once and add something to it every month,
for every deposit is a step on the road to inde-
pendence. Our rate of interest is the highest.

Southern Arizona Bank & Trust Co.

SAFEST FOR SAVINGS

THE
TUCSONIAN

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THE TUCSONIAN

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THE

Job Department

OF

The Tucson Citizen

BOOK AND CATALOGUE WORK
OUR SPECIALTY

THE
TUCSONIAN

Buehman, the Photrapner

FOR HIGH CLASS PHOTOS

Elite Studio, over postoffice

We Have the Largest Line of

Confections

In town. A variety of fancy boxes with Chocolates
and Bon Bons unsurpassed.

Phone Main
3771

Opis's Confectionery

Next to
Post Office.

Question—Why will a Freshman always answer any question
you ask?

Answer—Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

M. & B. Clothes Store

The store for young men. Everything that is new
and nobby can always be found here. Spring Hats
now on display. We would appreciate a part of
your business.

Cress

—MYERS & BLOOM—

Dave

Residence
825 East Third Street
Phone Red 4454

Office
40 South Stone Avenue
Phone Red 1491

Ira E. Huffman, M. D.

Office Hours
10 to 11 a. m.
2 to 3 p. m.
7 to 8 p. m.

Tucson,
Arizona

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BOX BALL

*The new and popular Bowling Game for Ladies and Gentlemen.
Brings you Health as well as Entertainment.
Come and try a game today.*

CORNER CONGRESS STREET and STONE AVENUE

THE TUCSONIAN

Tucson Transfer Company

WYOMING AVENUE AND CONGRESS

Trade Mark MAIN 2111 Trade Mark

STORAGE - PACKING - MOVING

"A WAGON OR MESSENGER ANY MINUTE"

A tennis shark hastening through town with her tennis racket,
met two baby Freshies.

Baby Fresh—"O, gee! She must have been playing football."

Karry A. Drachman

The Shoeman

"Shoes, That's All"

MAIN 261

TELEPHONES

MAIN 3961

Tucson's Market Place

ADAMS & COMPANY

Groceries, Meats, Fruits, Fish, Vegetables, Delicatessen

THE
TUCSONIAN

F. E. A. KIMBALL

Printer and Stationer

47 East Congress Street

Tucson, Arizona

SCHOOL BOOKS AND
SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Bookstore, 47 E. Congress

Printing Office, Belknap Street

A blind man met a man on the street and said: "Ten cents, if you please for a poor blind man."

He—"Why you are not blind; you have one eye."

Blind Man—"Then don't give me ten; give me only five."

When in Trouble go to

RONSTADT'S

They will look after your
troubles and

Guarantee Satisfaction

Page 56

THE
TUCSONIAN

The Crescent Cigar Co.

ARIZONA'S
BEST SMOKE SHOP

W. V. Whitmore, M. D.

Office 26 South Stone Avenue

Office Phone Red 2121

Residence Phone Red 3942

Tommy's Mother (explaining from the Bible)—"When a boy
lets you on one eye, turn and let him hit you on the other."

Tommy—"And then I will see heaven."

The Purest Confections in Town

Mission Candy Parlor

Chocolates That Excell

New Assortment of

NAVAJO BLANKETS

R. Rasmussen's Curio Store

118 East Congress Street

THE
TUCSONIAN



That Good Place
to Eat

ARIZONA FUEL AND SUPPLY CO.

Headquarters For

Coal for All Purposes

Wood Cut Any Size Desired

Hay and Grain

Telephone Red 341

Yard 119-121 S. 4th Ave.

COAL
AND
WOOD

Lee, Drachman & Price

Real Estate, Insurance
and Loans

Phone Main 3571

46 N. Stone Ave.

Little Boy crying—"He threw my apple down."

Gentelman—"On the ground?"

Little Boy—"No—on purpose."

Residence Phone, Red 946

Office Phone, Main 162

H. E. Crepin, M. D.

36 South Stone Avenue

Tucson, Arizona

Wheeler & Perry

Wholesale and Retail
Grocery

California Peacock "Gloria"
Washing, Splicing and Vermilion
Tender

S.S.S. Caps 25 Years

GO TO
Geo. Martin Drug Co.

FOR YOUR DRUGS

IT PAYS YOU

Phone Main 291
Corner Church and Congress Streets

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Page

**THE
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For Good Things to Eat go to
The Woman's Exchange

Bakeryman, Hot and Cold Meats, Bakes, Pies
and Home Made Bread.

Dining Room for Ladies and Gentlemen
Breakfast 7-9 Lunch 11-2 Dinner 5-7

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WILLIS P. HAYNES CO., JOHN M. MURKIN
Manager

Mines, Loans, Fire and Automobile Insurance

Rillito and Santa Cruz Valley Garden Lands

Phone End 1241 COR. STONE AVE. & BROADWAY

The only difference between a soldier and a man who gets married is that the soldier stands up and gets shot, while the man who gets married surrenders and gets a life sentence.

Good Rigs

Telephone 551

Reliable Drivers

AINSWORTH STABLES

TUCSON, ARIZONA

Light Livery and Boarding A Specialty

Belknap Street Bet. Congress & Penn.

Residence: 152 N. Church

FRANKLIN & HEIGHTON

REAL ESTATE LOANS
INSURANCE RENTALS

44 West Congress Street

THE
TUCSONIAN

ROSSI'S CAFE

Miss Johnston (History II)—“Donald, who was the king of England under whom the reformation started and for what is he noted?”

Donald—“Henry VIII, and he was married six times.”

Telephone Main 1291



L. B. HAMILTON, A. M., M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office and Residence:
30 E. PENNINGTON STREET
TUCSON, ARIZONA

SE HABLA ESPANOL

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Page 6

THE
TUCSONIAN

The Valley Land Co.

REAL ESTATE
LOANS and
INSURANCE

99 NORTH STONE AVENUE, TUCSON, ARIZONA

The largest list of property
to select from in Tucson.

Renting a Specialty

Helen L. (buying flowers for the dance)—"I am going to make
a hit tonight."

Winnie,—"Not unless you hit the floor."

Call and See the New



Cabinet Cafe

Thoroughly Remodeled and Enlarged

You read this Ad. Others will read yours.

TUCSONIAN ADS
BRING RESULTS

THE
TUCSONIAN

ALBERT STEINFELD, President

EPES RANDOLPH, Vice-Pres

Consolidated National Bank

TUCSON, ARIZONA

Capital and Surplus
and Undivided Profits \$200,000.00

United States, Territorial and County Depository
Safe Deposit Boxes in absolutely Fire and Burglar Proof
Vault.

We will give your account our best attention, no matter how small or large, and respectfully solicit your patronage.

CHAS. E. WALKER, Cashier

F. H. THORPE, Ass. Cashier

He handed her a comic,
All wrapped in paper fine
"How kind of you," the maiden cried,
"To give your picture as a valentine."

Dr. C. A. Schrader

Diseases of Lungs
and Surgery

Office and Residence Santa Rita Hotel

Office: Red 1861 — Telephones — Residence: Black 1861

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Peerless Flour

IT'S THE "PEER" OF ALL FLOURS

and Made in Tucson by the

Eagle Milling Company

Sold By All Grocers

Save the coupon in each sack and when you have five, bring them to our office, 177 Tool Ave and buy one of those beautiful China dinner sets of 42 pieces for \$3.50—regular value \$10.00

Juanita—They say pretty girls are dull and ugly girls are intellectual, what do you think I am?

Morgan (gallantly)—"I think you are intellectual."

(And now he wonders why Juanita got mad).

The Fulton Market



The Cleanest Market
in the City

THE BEST MEATS

Bayless & Berkalew Co.

16-18-20 E. Congress Street

It Was Refused!

This "Ad" as it reads

New Presses

New Material

"*Printers Who Know How*"

Smith-Comstock Printing Co.

COMMERCIAL PRINTERS

216 East Congress

Phone Main 4481

New Firm

New Ideas

was refused by the two daily papers
of Tucson. If you want printing done
neatly, quickly and at reasonable
prices, we are at your service.

Smith-Comstock Ptg. Co.

216 EAST CONGRESS ST., TUCSON, ARIZONA

Phone Main 4481